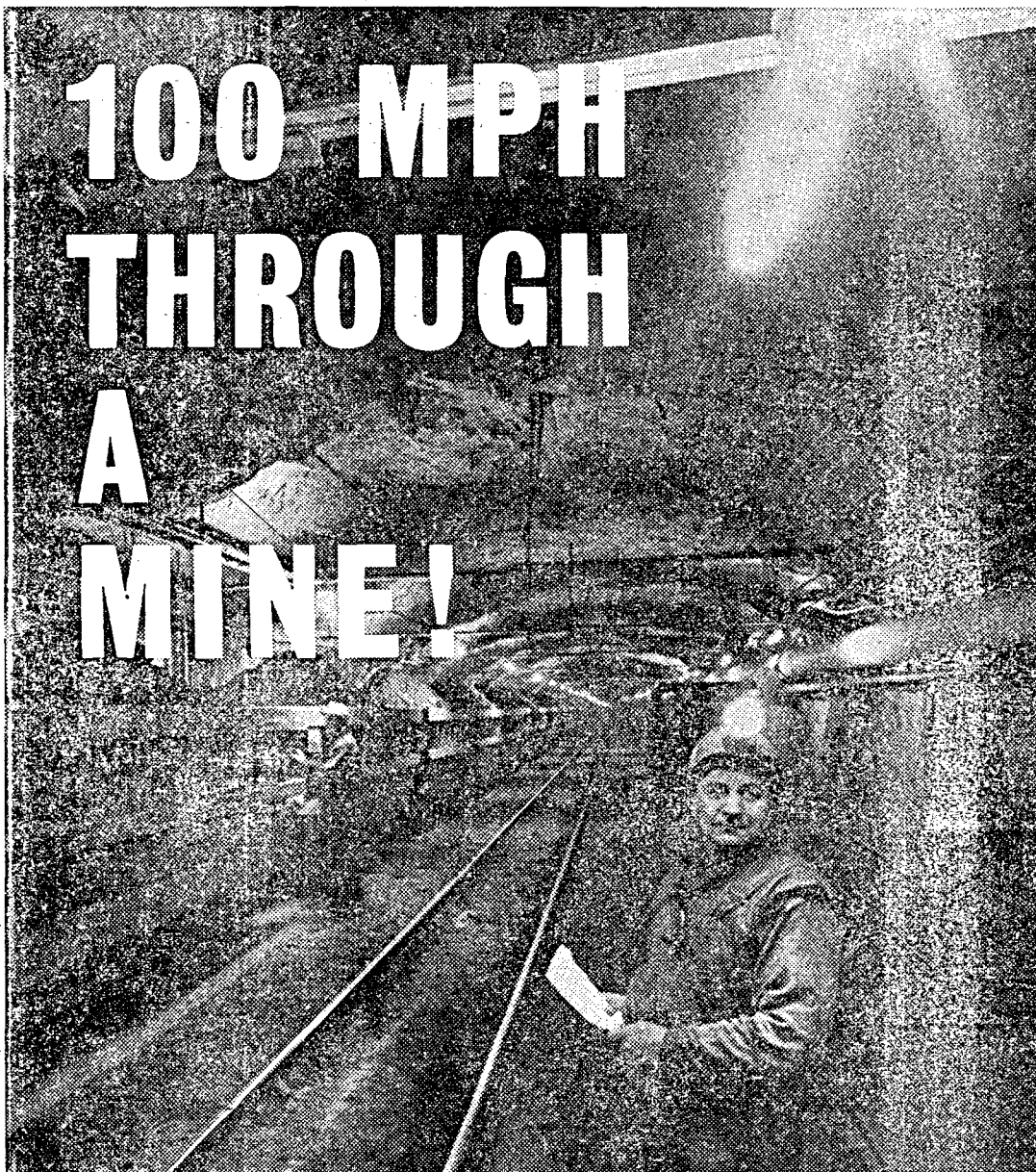


CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Every Wednesday—Fivepence

FOUNDED BY
ARTHUR MEE

Week Ending 15th June, 1963



THE Swedish Automobile Club's annual Midnight Sun Rally, which starts on 12th June and ends on the 15th, has set its drivers a new test during their drive of over 1,000 miles from Stockholm to Kiruna, in Swedish Lapland. For the first time the drivers will have to go through the tunnels of the famous iron ore "mountain" there. They will have to drive about a mile at a depth of some 650 feet below the

summit of this big hill. The underground stretch not only includes straight driving on asphalted roadways, but also offers some hard curves and steep slopes.

Among the competitors is Swedish ace Erick Carlsson, who also won this year's Monte Carlo Rally. He will be driving his usual Saab.

Erick Carlsson and his Saab car



VINTAGE BUTTER

Two crofters cutting peat for fuel on Harris, in the Hebridean island of Lewis, dug up a 16 lb. lump of butter which had been buried for 100 years.

In those days Highland crofters often paid their rent in butter, so perhaps that lump had been put by for the rent.

The butter was still of good colour, but tasteless. It will be on show at a Milk Marketing Board Exhibition.

RASHER AND GAMMON LTD

Schoolboys Make a Success of Farming

ULLSWATER Secondary School at Penrith, Cumberland, is the officially registered office of Rasher and Gammon Ltd., whose shareholders are all pupils.

As part of their rural science class, the boys run a farm and one shilling shares in it are available on the school stock market. To date, *Rasher and Gammon* have always shown a profit and the boys have had an end-of-term dividend. At the moment, they are eagerly awaiting news of the profit made on pigs which have been fattened and sold.

Meanwhile, they are expanding the business. More pigs have been bought, which means that more shares will be available. Also, the boys are going into the *beef* business.

Capital for the purchase of

six Friesian calves was a little beyond their means, so the rural science department is to find the money and the boys will be allowed to buy shares in the usual way.

Maths and Farming

Said a 14-year-old holder of 20 shares: "It's a wonderful way to learn rural science."

"I've learnt a lot about maths as well as farming," said another boy.

Between them, Ullswater School and *Rasher and Gammon Ltd.* really show the boys a slice of life!

THE NELSON TOUCH



THESE three children gave the Nelson Touch to a recent historical pageant which marked the opening of the new school building for St. John's Primary School at Ipswich, Suffolk. Christine Holloway was Nelson, and Clive Hunt (left)

and Stephen Cooney, were two of Nelson's sailors.

The new building, which was opened officially by the Lord Bishop of Chelmsford, is built on the site of "Roundwood," once the home of Lord Nelson.

© Fleetway Publications Ltd., 1963

Readers' Letters

Letters from readers are always very welcome. Send them to: The Editor, Children's Newspaper, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Leave the Eggs Alone! A Mighty Man

Dear Sir,—I would like to draw the attention of all CN readers to a letter recently appearing in a national newspaper, about an order which the Home Office has just made, by which it is an offence in England and Wales to take or destroy birds' eggs.

I think it is wrong to collect birds' eggs, as every bird's egg you collect is a bird's life lost.

Brian Churchward, Exeter.

The swallows come back to Auntie

Dear Sir,—In April or June of 1961, some swallows nested in the eaves of an outhouse belonging to my aunts. The nest had four young birds in it when a cat attacked it. The cat clawed at the young birds, but in doing so knocked it from its precarious perch, leaving it on top of an empty cat-cage (my aunts owning kennels).

Two of the birds were killed and, of the other two, one was ringed by my aunts. The nest was left inside the cage with the door open and they were reared from there.

This year my aunts saw two swallows in their garden, and noticed that one of them wore the ring that they had put on the bird nearly two years ago!

Peter Joyce, Southwick, Sussex.

More politics, please!

Dear Sir,—This is my first letter to the CN and I would not like to begin it on an unfavourable note; therefore I will mention the fact that I enjoy it immensely. But despite this there are still one or two points which I feel should be improved on.

I find that the shorter pieces do not tell enough about their subject and I think that if these were reduced in number and given more substance, instead of being left-off in the climax as it were, it would be of benefit to the paper.

My other complaint is for want of more political news. The KNOW YOUR NEWS column is the only one reserved for this topic, and in my opinion if we had more of this type of news it would be of much use to us in the future.

Richard D. Fyle (14), West Kensington, W.14.

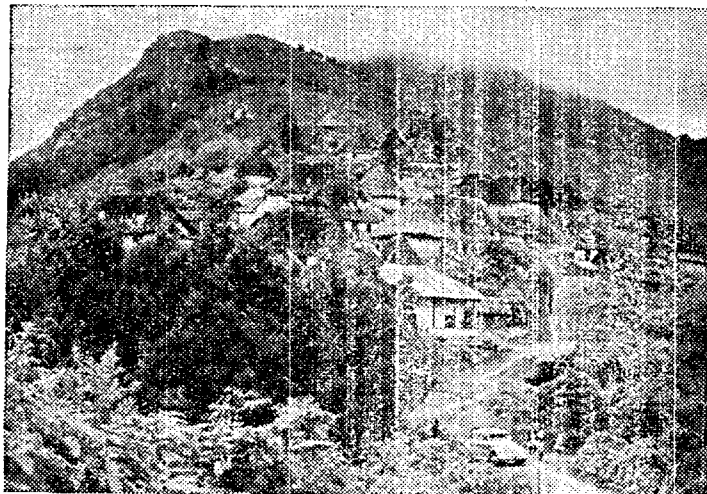


Song thrush at its nest.

NUCLEAR WEAPONS

The letters published on this subject in last week's issue were only a fraction of the total number received. I want to say "thank you" here to all the other writers, since there are too many for me to be able to reply to them all personally. Editor.

Tanganyika Twist!



Typical village scene in Tanganyika

Dear Sir,—When our son's letter was printed in your issue of 30th March, asking where he could get an anvil as he wanted to be a blacksmith, he was immediately subjected to the disheartening cries of "A blacksmith! That's a dying craft."

Despite the undermining of his confidence, he doggedly persevered, writing for catalogues, lists of tools, information, and searched scrapyards for the anvil he so badly wanted.

Then, out of the blue came a letter from a complete stranger who had read our son's letter in your paper and understood the boy's hopes and dreams. The man was a Director of a large North Country engineering firm and he'd taken the trouble to look out some smithy's relics—a 20-inch diameter circular forge with bellows; a 28 lb. anvil; and an assortment of hammers, tongs, and other useful tools that could be reforged. He put the lot in the boot of his car and drove 50 miles out of his way to deliver them personally.

We think it was a wonderful thing to have done, for not only was our son delighted with the tools, but—more important—faith and confidence in his own judgment was restored by the kindness and understanding of a stranger.

Mrs. Hammond, Rushden, Northants.

Dear Sir,—I'm a regular reader of CN for about two years.

I'm sorry to say that since last year I posted two mails to you, but my name never appeared. I'm again reminding you that I'm very much in need of a pen-pal.

I'm an African boy of 17 and my hobbies are: Twist, Stamp Collecting, Singing, and Letter Writing.

So I hope you will negotiate this and my name will appear.

Douglas Fanuel, Government Secondary School, Kideleko, PO Handeni, Tanganyika.

Negotiations have now been successfully concluded! Editor.

KNOW YOUR NEWS

PERSUASION OR COMPULSION?

Make Your Choice

By our Special Correspondent

From their base in Southwark experts of the Ministry of Transport issue warnings and instructions to road users. They have plenty to keep them busy. The loss of life on our roads is appalling.

Head injuries account for seven out of ten deaths in motor-cycle accidents. That is why Mr. Ernest Marples, the Minister of Transport, poses for the photograph in this column wearing a motor-cyclist's safety helmet.

Mr. Marples's gesture marks the latest phase in a long campaign to check and reduce

very touchy on the question of *compulsion*. Some people feel that any law which seems to stop people from doing something is an invasion of Freedom, both individual and national.

An official of a road organisation supporting the Marples campaign hopes compulsion will not be necessary



Wearing a safety helmet, Mr. Ernest Marples, the Minister of Transport, examines another on show at the Ministry.

road accidents. It opens a six-months' period of *persuasion*—note the word—designed to encourage all motor-cyclists and their passengers to buy and wear these helmets.

If this *appeal for voluntary* action fails, the Minister says he will have to *compel* people to wear helmets.

Road Traffic Act

That will be done by enforcing Section 41 of the recent Road Traffic Act, under which a fine or other penalty can be imposed on people who ignore the law.

Nobody doubts that it is a wise and noble thing to save life. But once again in the history of our free democracy questions arise, such as—to what extent should new laws be created to "save people from themselves"?

Can people be made good by Act of Parliament?

As a nation the British are

in the case of safety helmets. "As soon as you start compelling people, bang goes another freedom," he adds.

But under the Road Traffic Act, the freedom of people to do what they like on roads is rightly limited by provisions which:—

Enforce regular inspection and testing of vehicles;

Disqualify drivers who are unfit to drive;

List 26 offences which can involve six months' automatic loss of licence.

50 m.p.h. limit

Also, throughout every weekend during the peak holiday months, a 50 m.p.h. speed limit is being imposed by law on all roads except fast motorways and roads already speed-restricted.

Good manners, common-sense and consideration for others would make most of these laws unnecessary.

ROYAL FLEET AUXILIARY SERVICE

Boys who have a love of the sea, are between 16 and 17½ years of age and taking G.C.E. or S.C.E. in English, Mathematics and two other acceptable subjects, should apply for:

DECK CADETSHIPS

To: Director of Stores (3B. Cadets), Empress State Building, London, S.W.6.

4 years training at a salary from £165 to £262 per year in modern, well-equipped vessels, under Merchant Navy conditions. On completion and success in the Ministry of Transport Examination appointments offered as Third Officers at £874 per year with prospects of promotion to Master at £2,577 per year.

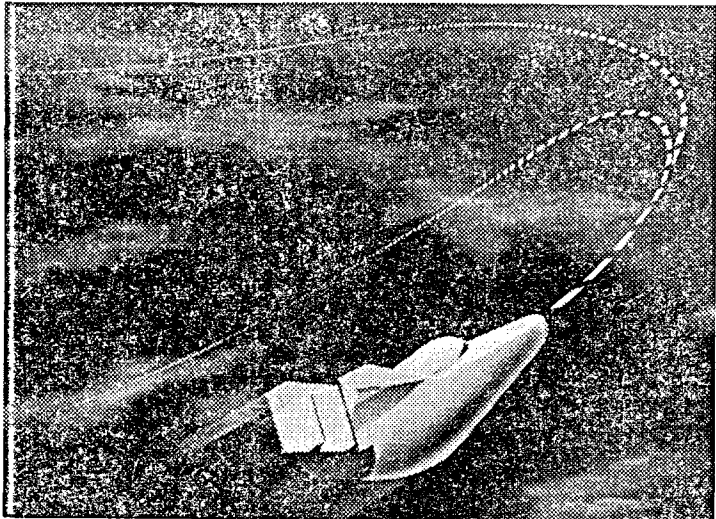
Non-contributory Pension.

SERVICE IN THE RFA IS WORLD WIDE

New

SCIENCE SURVEY
Shape For Space

THE Americans have now produced a manned, wingless space vehicle, which can be guided like a glider when it returns to Earth's atmosphere.



As it can be landed in a selected spot, it will enable the US space-planners to dispense with the costly network of ships and helicopters that now have to patrol a wide area whenever an American astronaut is due back from orbit.

When it undergoes its trials

An artist's impression of the space-craft in flight, showing its orbital and return-to-Earth paths.

shortly, the machine will be taken up and dropped by a giant plane. The pilot of the spaceship will then guide it like a glider to a pre-arranged landing site.

SCIENCE FAIR

HUNDREDS of schoolchildren are getting exhibits ready for a big Science Fair, at Hull, next month.

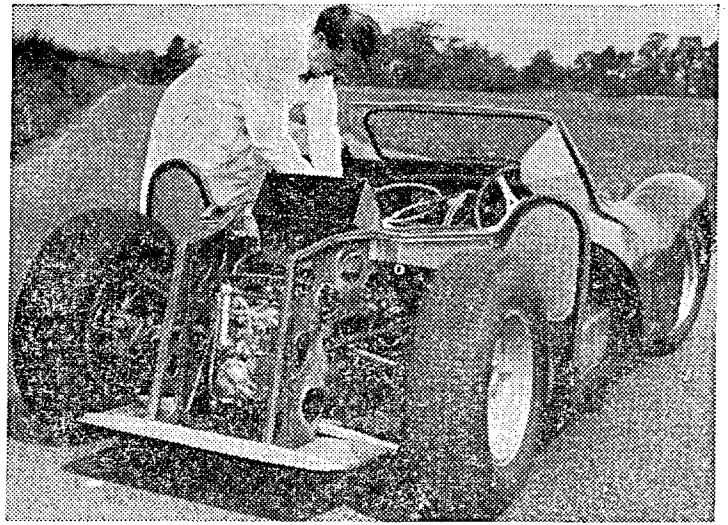
The Fair will show how children at all school levels are exploring science with equipment they have made themselves.

A boys' school, for instance, is building its own radio communications centre. It already makes its own transmitting sets—and has a licence to operate them, so that the boys can talk by radio with other schoolboys as far away as South America.

CAR RADAR DEVICE

A NEW radar device, which can prevent car collisions, has been constructed by scientists of the Vehicles Electronics Group at the University of New South Wales, Australia.

The device sights an object in the path of a car and, if a collision seems likely, automatically applies the brakes. The device is known as ICE, which is short for Imminent Collision Evaluator.

**THE ROVER-BRM GAS CAR**

THE revolutionary Rover gas-turbine engine has been mounted in a BRM Grand Prix chassis and will be driven in the Le Mans 24-hour race this weekend by Graham Hill and his team-mate, Ritchie Ginther.

In its trials at Le Mans last April, it clocked more than 149 m.p.h. on the three-mile Mulsanne Straight.

This weekend, Graham Hill and his team-mate hope to cover 2,200 miles at an average speed of over 90 m.p.h. This would earn the Rover firm a special award of £2,000.

The car runs on kerosene (paraffin), at about eight miles per gallon, and has special instruments.

Running at a Standstill

NEW techniques for diagnosing heart troubles in horses have been discussed at the Royal Veterinary College, in Stockholm, and at the same time a "rolling mat test bench" was demonstrated.

The device is driven by an

electric motor, which can be regulated to move a conveyor belt up to a speed of 25 m.p.h. While the horse runs, without moving forward, in a suspended harness, various heart tests are carried out by veterinary surgeons.

Want to take ACE pictures?**GET AN ILFORD CAMERA—LOAD IT WITH ILFORD FILM**

These two marvellous Ilford cameras—the new Ilford Sprite and the Ilford Sporti—are specially designed for *you*. You can take really exciting shots with them *and* they're very easy to operate.

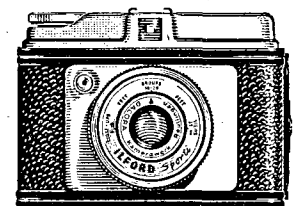
WHAT FILM SHOULD YOU USE?

For black-and-white load up with Ilford Selochrome. It's the roll film that's a perfect all-rounder, in sizes 120, 620 or 127. Costs 3/6. Going to shoot colour? Then Ilfocolor roll film is the one for you. It will fit *any* roll film camera of *any* make. And you'll find it, *easy to use!*

L191.NQ.43

**NEW ILFORD SPRITE**

Takes pictures in black-and-white or colour. Has eye-level viewfinder, high quality lens, and is fitted with metal anchorage points for neck sling. Takes 127 size roll film. £13.6.

**ILFORD SPORTI**

Costs only £3.17.7. and takes as clear and lively pictures—colour or black-and-white—as cameras costing far more. Simple to operate. Can be used with flash gun. Takes 120 size roll film.

TODAY'S LEADER IN PHOTOGRAPHY

ILFORD naturally!



This



Wide



World



BAGS OF MONEY— FOR PEOPLE WHO DON'T WANT IT

Happy are people who have no use for money! Such are the remaining Australian Aborigines who follow their traditional way of life—hunting and living in crude huts.

Now, however, some of them have become rich. A vast field of bauxite—used in making aluminium—has been discovered in their territory in Arnhem Land, northern Australia.

Royalties from the development of the bauxite will be paid into a trust fund and used for the Aborigines' benefit.

Father Barbers

In Israel a boy's first haircut can be a ceremonial public occasion. At a recent national festival, a number of fathers gave their three-year-old sons their first haircuts in the open, to the music of flutes and drums.

The festival is traditionally associated with two famous rabbis, one of whom, Akiva, was the spiritual leader of the Jews in their revolt against the Romans in the second century A.D.

TAPIR IN THE WELL

Malayan peasants working in their fields late one evening not long ago were startled when a tapir streaked past them with a tiger in hot pursuit. Suddenly the tapir disappeared.

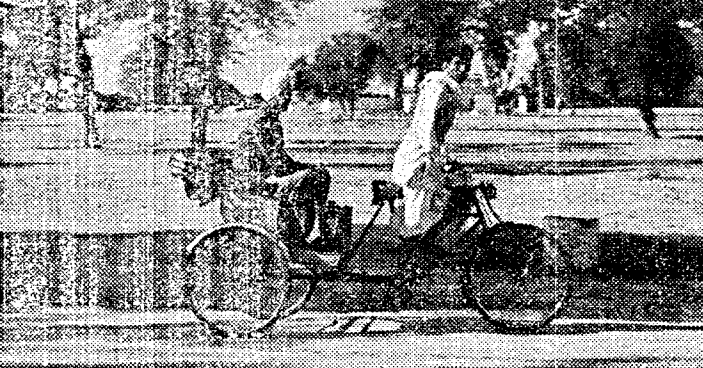
The tiger prowled round for a time then retired to the jungle. After dark the villagers turned out with torches to keep it at bay.

Later the tapir, somewhat bruised, was hauled out of a well it had fallen into. It is now being cared for by the Malayan Zoological Society.

Free Water Ski-ing

Boys and girls were given free lessons in water ski-ing and driving motor boats in Paris not long ago. The occasion was a "young people's day" at an exhibition of water sports. The youngsters had only to have their parents' permission—and a swimming certificate.

It's a comfortable ride —for the one inside



Rickshaws—two-wheeled carriages pulled by men—are being forced by progress off the hot, dusty Indian streets. Crowded with cars and fast taxis, roads have little space left for the lithe, wiry, brown-skinned men trotting resignedly between the shafts of their outdated, sun-bleached chariots.

Few remain in the big cities, apart from those adapted to be driven by a bicycle. Instead, they are to be found in the hill stations and remote country towns, providing their human horses with a bare existence.

Visitors to India usually try to include a rickshaw ride among their experiences, so scores of rickshaws are to be found at the railway stations and market places of smaller towns, the men touting for custom.

Pulling a rickshaw is not profitable. A man's daily takings may come to about five rupees (7s. 6d.) out of which he pays about two rupees (3s.) as a hire charge to the rickshaw owner, who may operate several.

From his remaining 4s. 6d. a day, the rickshaw man must pay for the support of his wife and children.

The streets that give the rickshaw man his work also provide him with his bed, a thin cloth being his only protection from the hard surface.

But rickshaws do not rest. When one man has finished his shift, another is ready to take over. And when the time comes for retirement, successors are waiting to plod rhythmically through the streets until the rickshaws themselves come to rest in museums.

SHEAR TRAINING

World sheep-shearing champion, Godfrey Bowen of New Zealand, is visiting Russia to train shearers there. Russia has 140 million sheep.

NOUVELLES DE FRANCE

Un Pilote Reste aux Com- mandes de son Avion en Flammes

Nancy. Le Lieutenant Guy Lazannec, de la base aérienne de Luxeuil (Haute-Saône), qui effectuait un vol d'entraînement, constata que son appareil venait de prendre feu. Au lieu d'actionner son siège éjectable, sachant que son avion irait s'écraser sur la ville de Luxeuil, le pilote resta aux commandes et, faisant preuve d'un grand courage, réussit à poser l'appareil en flammes sur la piste de sa base. Le lieutenant Lazannec est sorti indemne de l'avion.

A 10s. 6d. book taken will be awarded for what the Editor considers the best translation received by Wednesday, 19th June. Send to: Nouvelles de France, Children's Newspaper, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. 25th May winner: Ian Dickson, Maidendew, Counress Road, Dunbar.

Briefly . . .



Construction of a large building at Christchurch, New Zealand, was held up for several days to allow a duck nesting there to hatch her brood.

Secret of the Dam

A dam built over 1,000 years ago in a mountain gorge of Uzbekistan, Russia, is still in use, and scientists are trying to rediscover the secret of the harder-than-stone mortar used in its construction.

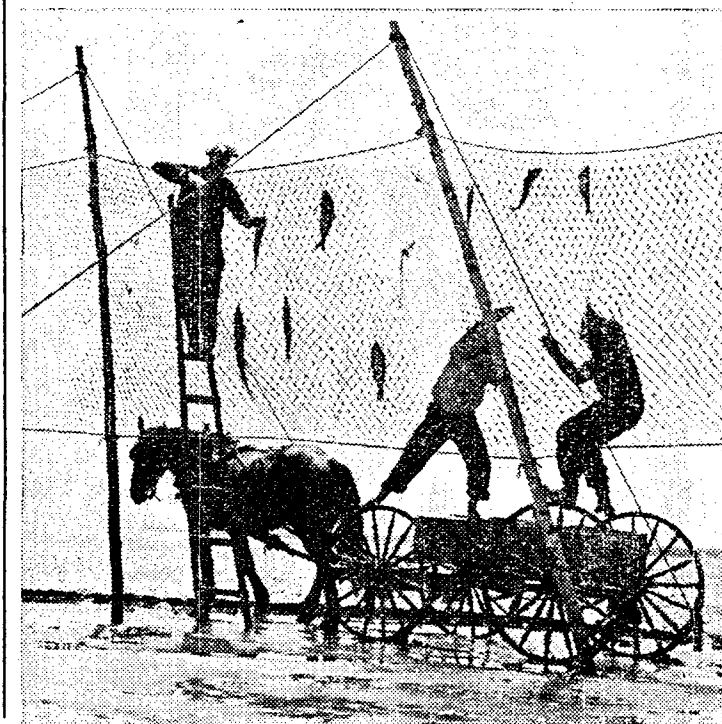
A Leicestershire starling has learned to mimic a man's whistle for his dog. The neighbours are often deceived—but the dog isn't.

A seal which escaped from a zoo, dived into the Niagara River and plunged over the Falls, was later found quite unhurt, sunning itself on the shore below.

Spain's first nuclear power plant, in the province of Guadalajara, is expected to have a capacity of 60,000 kilowatts.

UP THE LADDER FOR THE FISH

At the head of the Bay of Fundy, Nova Scotia, where the tide rises as much as 30 feet, an unusual kind of fishing goes on. At low water, nets are hung up on a line of poles and left for the tide to cover them. At the next low tide the fishermen go out with a cart and a ladder and pick the fish out of the nets.



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The Children's Newspaper, 15th June, 1963

5

THE ELUSIVE OTTER



TAKE A LOOK
AT NATURE
with
MAXWELL KNIGHT

OTTERS are seldom seen even by people who have spent many years in suitable country. These animals seldom stay long on one stretch of a river. They are here today and gone tomorrow.

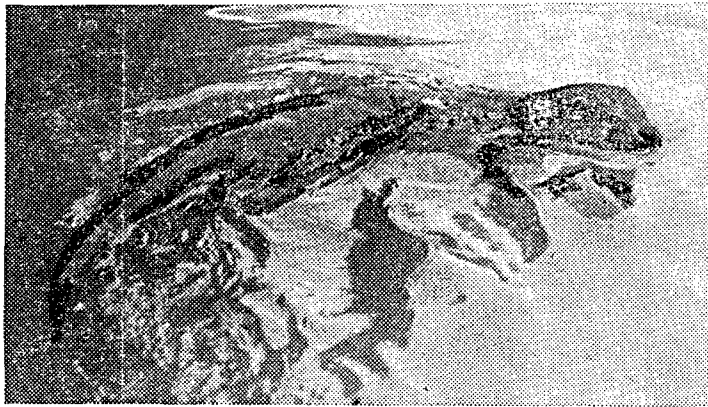
The otter is one of our most interesting mammals, and it is only in recent years that it has been closely studied. This may be because otters are by no means easy to find, and frequently move from place to place. They are usually not out and about until after dusk, though I have seen them in the daytime, particularly when they have cubs.

No breeding season

One of the most intriguing things about otters is that they seem to have no special breeding season as other mammals do. Cubs have been recorded in nearly every month of the year.

The cubs are very interesting, too, for, contrary to what one would expect, they do not take to swimming naturally, but have to be encouraged by mother to go into the water at all. And if one of them is more than usually nervous, she will push it into the river.

Once they have got used to the water, the cubs soon become as good swimmers and as acrobatic as the adults. But while they are still novices the female otter often gives her young ones a tow. Number One cub holds on to her tail with its teeth; Number Two cub holds on to Number One, and



Otters are good swimmers and can perform all sorts of acrobatics.

Eric Hosking

Otter cubs do not take to the water naturally, though this one seems quite at home.

so on. This gives them a feeling of security until they have gained more confidence.

Otters feed on a variety of creatures, not only on fish; and they take eels for preference. In this way they do a great deal of

good since eels, themselves, are great devourers of trout spawn and young trout.

In my view otters eat more coarse fish, including the hungry pike, than they do trout and salmon. If I owned some good fishing I would not allow an otter to be killed. I must admit that they take occasional ducklings—but so do pike! Otters also eat crayfish and water voles and such small creatures as aquatic beetles and other insects.

Holts and hovers

Except when having cubs, when they make a home called a *holt*, otters make use of temporary lying-up places under banks, tree roots and so on. These are termed *hovers*. The holt is usually in a deep cleft in a bank or where there are overhanging rocks.

The otter's voice is a kind of whistling note, and if you are

walking quietly by a stream in the evening, and you hear such a sound, keep still and watch. You might not have another chance for years.

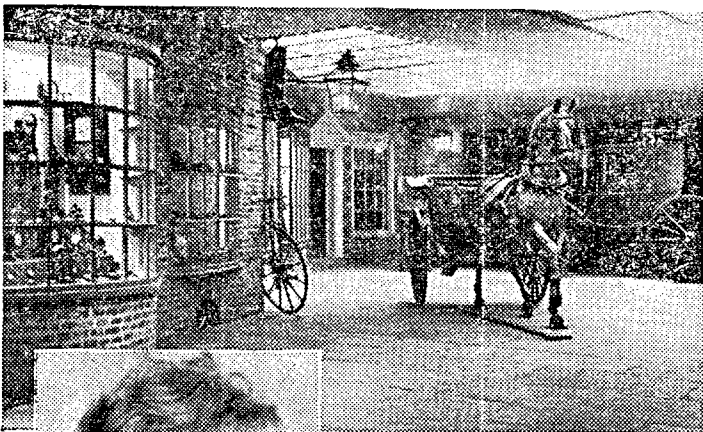
The fur is specially adapted to keep the animal warm when in the water. The long hairs called *guard hairs* will get wet, but they protect the close fur beneath which traps bubbles of air and helps to keep out the cold. The feet are webbed to aid in swimming, and in soft mud you may see footprints which are rounded and may show claw marks and, at times, the webbing as well. These will tell you that an otter has been there.

Should you find, in or near a river, a flat stone with numbers of droppings on it, these will be from an otter. Much can be learned by examining these *spraints*, as they are called, and naturalists have gained reliable information about otter food by such investigations.

Friends of The Cranes

Schoolchildren of Hokkaido, Japan, are active in protecting the 186 Japanese cranes left in the island. They club together to buy maize for them, and, during a hard winter, make stacks of corn-cobs at places where the birds can feed. As many as 8,000 boys and girls take part in the annual count of the cranes—helped by planes which cover swamps the children cannot reach.

New Line for Barbara

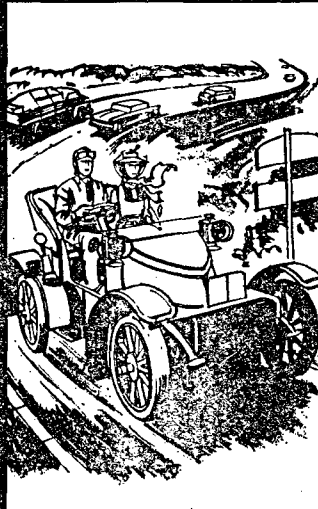


Barbara Kelly and (above) one of York's old streets, reconstructed in the Castle Museum.

Barbara Kelly, of *What's My Line?* fame, is certainly on to something different when she opens a new street in York on 17th June.

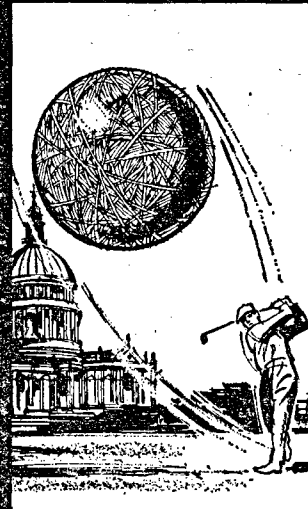
This street, Half Moon Court, consisting entirely of old shopfronts from the city, is an addition to three existing streets (one of them seen above) similarly reconstructed in the Castle Museum. All the shops have the proper fittings of their period and their old hanging signs. There is an inn (King William IV) and an old garage with veteran cars.

well! WHAT D'YOU KNOW...



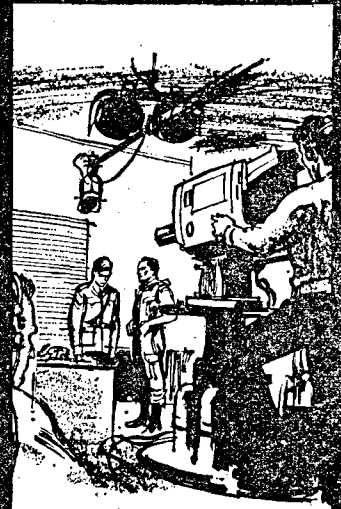
New tyres for "Old Crocks"

The veteran and vintage cars, treasured by so many enthusiasts, need different size tyres from those on the market today. But thanks to Dunlop, the only people who make up-to-date tyres especially to fit out-of-date cars (some over 60 years of age), the "old stagers" can still be kept roadworthy.



A far-stretched story?

Under the cover of a Dunlop golf ball there's a winding of rubber thread which would stretch to over twice the height of St. Paul's Cathedral! Dunlop sells golf balls all over the world at an average rate of one every second!



New floor stops TV Dolly-Wobbles!

TV cameras are mounted on trolleys, called "dollies", which move around the studio. To stop "dolly-wobbles" and so give you a rock-steady TV picture, the ABC studios called in Semtex Ltd (a Dunlop company) who laid a specially smooth level floor to give the cameras a vibrationless ride.

DUNLOP

SYMBOL OF PROGRESS



How We Run Our Country

BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES

LAST week we talked about the coins used in the United Kingdom. In addition to these coins we also use Bank of England notes as currency. These are issued for sums of ten shillings, £1, and £5. Notes for £10, £20, £50, £100, £500, and £1,000 were issued until April, 1943, but these ceased to be used after April, 1945. There are, however, a number of these notes still about—lost during the war, or otherwise mislaid, or kept as souvenirs.

In recent years the 10s., £1, and £5 notes have changed a good deal in their appearance. A new blue £5 note was introduced in February, 1957, and the most recent one appeared in February, 1963. Both these notes are smaller than the old ones (which were white) and have become very popular.

Queen on a Note

A new £1 note was issued in March, 1960. This differed from the old one in having a portrait of the Queen on it.

In October, 1961, the Bank of England announced that a new ten-shilling note was being issued. Both the new £1 and ten-shilling notes have a picture of the Queen, a three-quarter-face portrait showing her Majesty facing to the left, wearing a diadem and the Garter Ribbon with a diamond brooch at the shoulder. The diadem was originally made for King George IV and incorporates emblems of the United Kingdom.

A different portrait of the Queen has been used on the latest £5 note. The old £5 notes were taken out of use in March, 1961, and the new "fivers" are now circulating at the same time.

The old £1 notes could not be

used after May, 1962, or the old ten-shilling notes after October of that year. But all old notes can still be exchanged for new ones at the Bank of England.

These new issues of notes were the result of new methods of printing which reduce the cost and increase capacity.

The bank-note circulation is highest at the two peak spending periods of the year—around Christmas and August Bank Holiday. The record figure is £2,458,000,000, reached on 27th December, 1961.

Banks in Britain

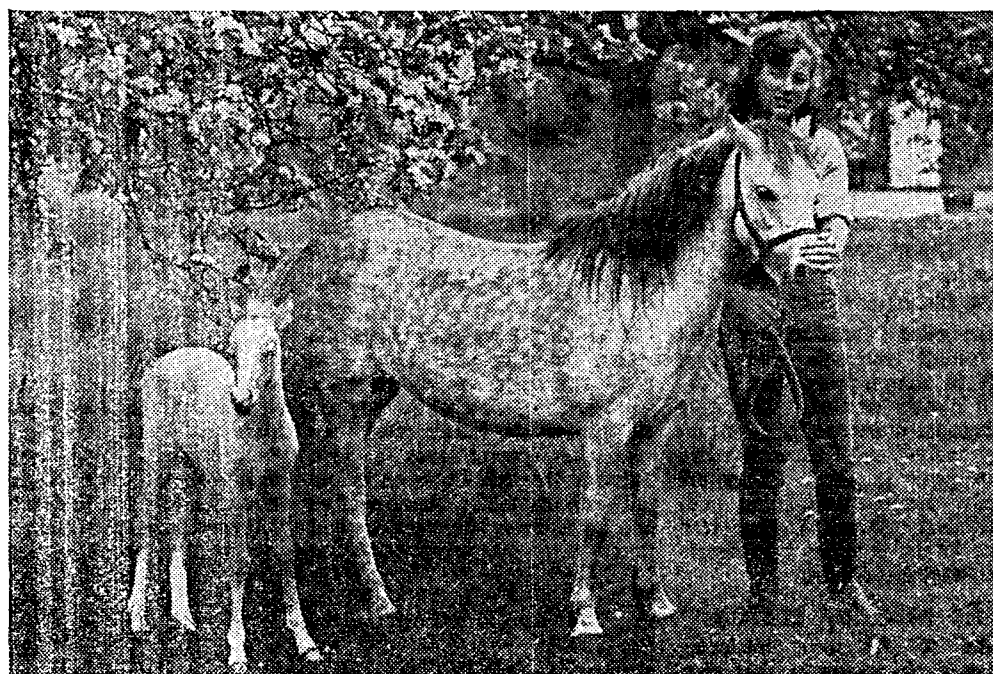
The Bank of England is the only bank in England and Wales allowed to issue notes. Notes are also issued by Scottish banks in denominations of £1, £5, £10, £20, and £100. Northern Ireland banks also issue notes in the same denominations as the Scottish banks.

The average life of notes in circulation, before being withdrawn, is six months for a ten-shilling note, one year for a £1 note, and two years for a £5 note.

**NEXT WEEK :
LEGAL TENDER**



Trolley-load of brand-new Bank notes.



At first the foal sticks close to Mum, a Welsh grey.



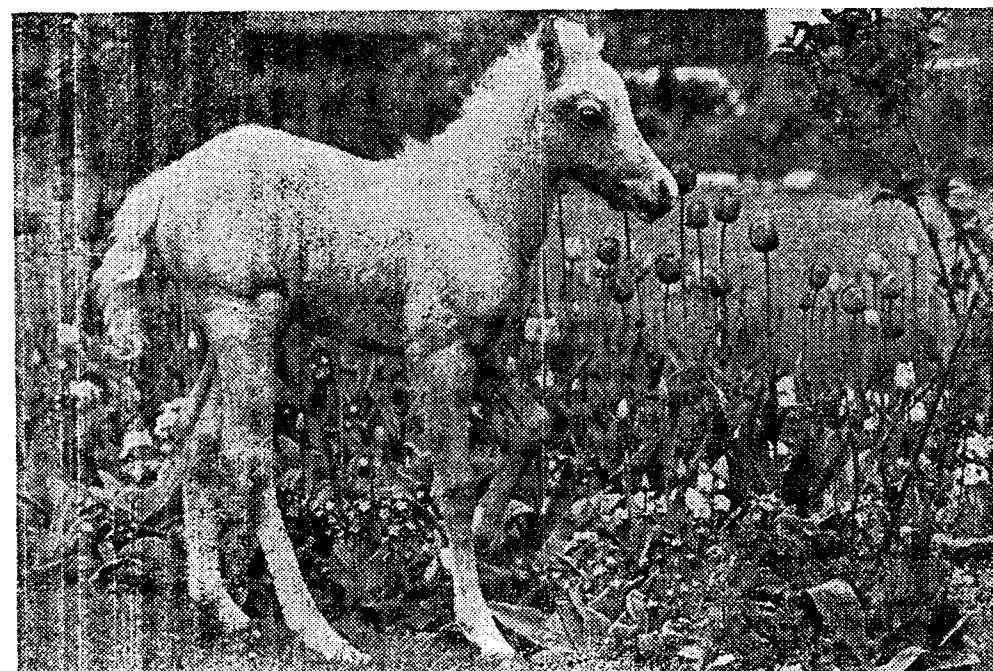
Later, he takes a stroll . . .

JUST FIVE DAYS OLD!

OUR pictures here show a Palomino foal born at Hadlow, near Sevenoaks, Kent. At the time they were taken he was only five days old, but even by then showed signs of being very intelligent and of growing up into a very handsome animal.

Palomino is not a breed, but a colouring—light golden-brown, snow-white tail, mane and 'socks'—and is always in great demand, both for saddle and for circus work.

. . . and decides (below) that the world is a lovely place.



PANORAMA

NEWS IN PICTURES

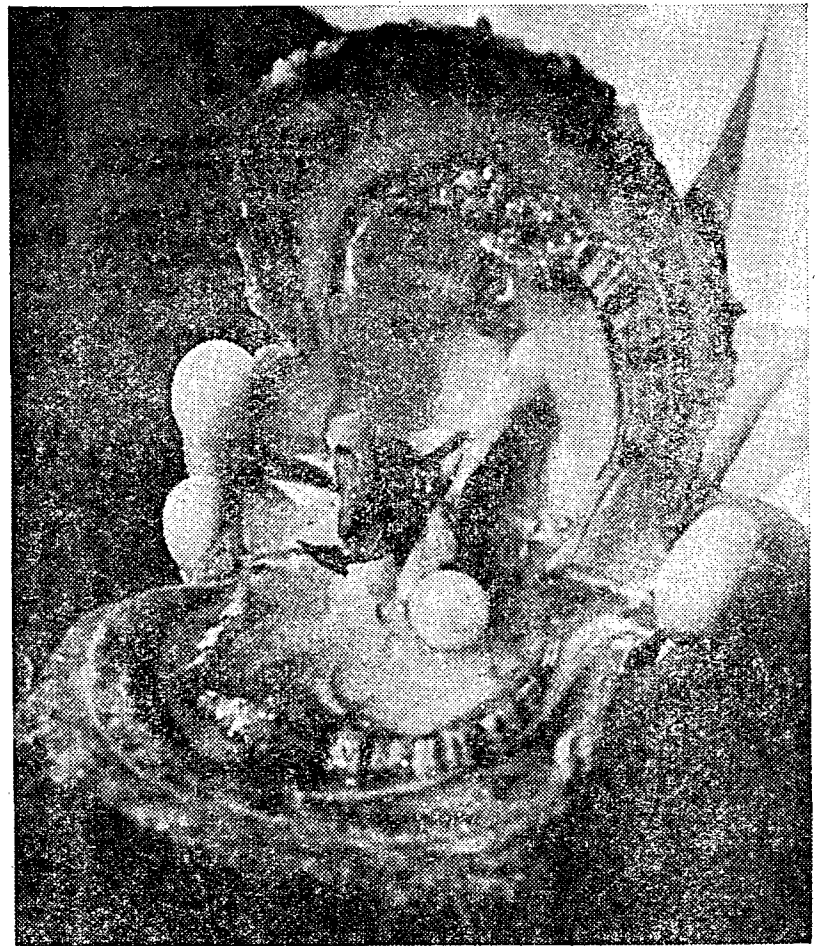
THE PEARL GIRLS



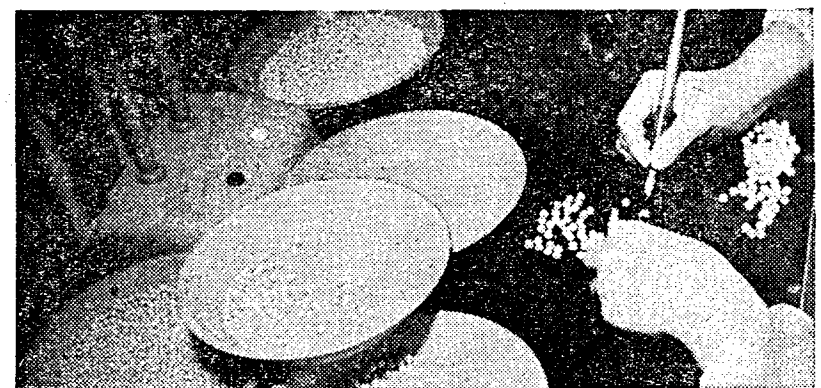
One of the pearl-diving girls.

THE famous pearl-diving girls of Japan work up to 16 hours a day in the sea, in constant danger of shark attacks. They will not use aqualungs as they say these would interfere with their vision. But they can stay under for about three minutes. Pearl-diving in this part of the world is a family inheritance, and is proudly passed on from mother to daughter.

The job of the diving girl is to bring up wild oysters from the ocean bed. Two or three grains of sand are introduced into each oyster and then it is lowered to the sea bottom again in a basket. After several years the oyster is brought up. By then it will have covered the sand grains with layers of calcium carbonate which will have formed into a pearl.



A cultured pearl of this size will have taken between five and seven years to develop. It was brought up from Ago Bay, two hundred miles south-west of Tokyo.

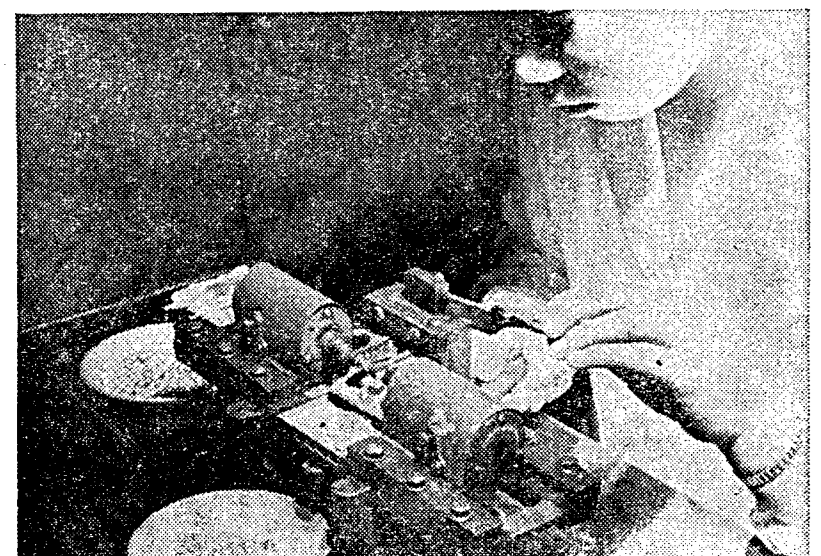


A new batch of pearls being graded.



Above left : While she is in the water, each girl is connected by a length of cord to a tub, which she scrambles into when a shark approaches.

◀ The wire cages in which the oysters are kept are suspended from bamboo rafts.



Drilling pearls to be used for necklaces.

It's Time For A Holiday!

WELL, here I am, surrounded by suitcases, labels, plastic bags, and sun tan lotions! I'm off to Italy for a holiday—and how exciting a holiday is when it comes round at last!

I'm off to see Venice, with its gold and its gems, its Byzantine architecture, its wonderful paintings. After that I'm going to Florence, and then most likely on to Corsica and Elba, where I'll find memories of Napoleon, who was born in Corsica at Ajaccio—and was, of course, exiled on Elba.

I'm going to have to do a lot of walking, it seems to me, as well as sun-bathing!



An appetising snack: Hawaiian Toasts



Jonquil Antony's Column

HERE'S a recipe you may like to try—it's called Hawaiian Toasts.

You need four slices of buttered toast, four pineapple rings, cinnamon, and eight pieces of cheddar cheese cut to sticks three inches long by half an inch wide.

Put the pineapple rings on the slices of toast, sprinkle with cinnamon, and put two pieces of cheese diagonally on the pineapple. Place under a hot grill until the cheese melts. Serve hot, or serve cold without grilling.

It's good!



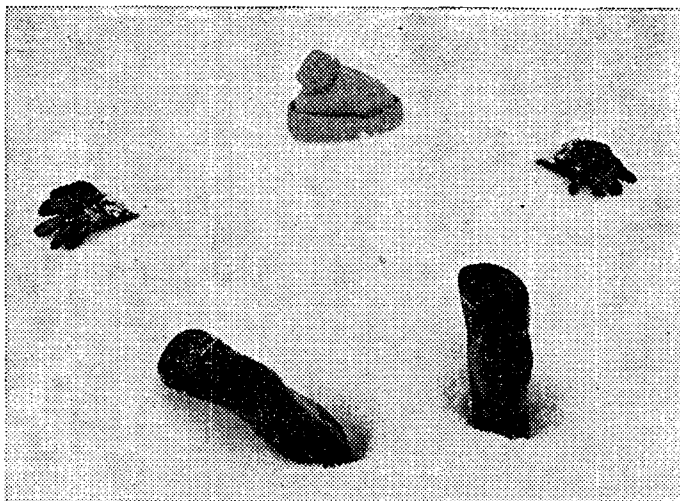
Now back to my packing. But, before I go, I must tell you that this is the last time I shall be writing your column. I'm sad about that. I shall miss it, and only hope that you've had as much fun reading it as I've had in writing.

So it's goodbye from me.

From your letters, I know how you've all enjoyed Jonquil Antony's column and, while we're sorry she has to leave us, your column stays!

Your new contributor will introduce herself next week. Editor.

CAMERA MAN



Youth in Winter, the prize-winning picture by Peter Heatherington



Meet Peter Heatherington, aged 14. Recently his picture, *Youth In Winter*, gained second place in the Photographic Information Council's competition for youth organisations. This won £50 for his Newcastle Scout troop, and £15 for himself.

A pupil at Dame Allan's School, Newcastle, Peter has won several schools competitions, and earlier this year one of his pictures was exhibited in a United States religious art festival.

He was nine when he began his hobby with a cheap box camera.

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BUTTERSCOTCH

True Animal Adventures

EXCITING NEW SERIES BY
WORLD-FAMOUS AUTHORS

NO. 7

Our extract this week is from Gerald Durrell's book, *The Bafut Beagles*, which describes some of the adventures the author had while he was staying in Bafut, a little village high in the grass-covered mountains of the British Cameroons, in West Africa. Collecting animals, he had many amusing and exciting experiences. This particular adventure, however, brought him very near to death.

An amusing feature of this extract is the quaint English in which the author and the people of Bafut converse . . .

I HAD just finished a well-earned cup of tea, and was sitting on the top step in the late sunlight trying to teach an incredibly stupid baby squirrel how to suck milk from a blob of cottonwool on the end of a matchstick.

Pausing for a moment in this nerve-racking work, I saw a fat and elderly woman waddling down the road. She was smoking a long, slender black pipe. On top of her grey, cropped hair was perched a tiny calabash.

When she reached the bottom step, she knocked out her pipe and hung it carefully from the cord round her ample waist, before starting to climb towards the veranda.

"Iseeya, Mammy," I called.

She stopped and grinned up at me.

"Iseeya, Masa," she replied, and then continued to heave her body from step to step, panting and wheezing with the exertion. When she reached me, she placed the calabash at my feet, and then leant her bulk against the wall, gasping for breath.

"You done tire, Mammy?" I asked.

"Wah! Masa, I get fat too much," she explained.

"Fat!" I said in shocked tones; "you no get fat, Mammy. You no get fat pass me."

She chuckled richly, and her gigantic body quivered.

"No, Masa, you go fun with me."

"No, Mammy, I speak true, you be small woman."

She fell back against the wall, convulsed with laughter at the thought of being called a small woman. Presently, when she had recovered from the joke, she gestured at the calabash.

"I done bring beef for you, Masa."

"Na what kind of beef?"

"Na snake, Masa."

I UNPLUGGED the calabash and peered inside. Coiled up in the bottom was a thin, brown snake about eight inches long.

I recognised it as a typhlops, a species of blind snake which spends its life burrowing underground. It resembles the English slow-worm in appearance, and is quite harmless.

I already had a box full of these reptiles, but I liked my fat girl-friend so much that I did not want to disappoint her by refusing it.

"How much you want for dis beef, Mammy?" I asked.

"Eh, Masa go pay me how 'e tink."

"Snake no get wound?"

"No, Masa, atall."

I turned the calabash upside down and the snake fell out on to the smooth concrete. The woman moved to the other end of the veranda with a speed that was amazing for one so huge.

"E go bite you, Masa," she called warningly.

Jacob, who had appeared to see what was going on, gave the woman a withering look at this remark.

"You no savvay Masa no get fear for dis ting?" he asked. "Masa get special juju so dis kind of snake no go chop 'e."

"Ah, na so?" said the woman.

I leant forward and picked up the typhlops in my hand, so that I could examine it closely to make sure it was unhurt. I gripped its body gently between my thumb

—by—
GERALD DURRELL

and forefinger, and it twisted itself round my finger.

AS I looked at it, I noticed a curious thing: it possessed a pair of large and glittering eyes, a thing which no typhlops ever possessed.

Foolishly, rather startled by my discovery, I still held the reptile loosely in my hand and spoke to Jacob.

"Jacob, look, dis snake 'e get eye," I said.

As I spoke, I suddenly realised that I was holding loosely in my hand not a harmless typhlops but some unidentified snake of unknown potentialities. Before I could open my hand and drop it,



the snake twisted round smoothly and buried a fang in the ball of my thumb.

Off-hand I can never remember receiving quite such a shock. The bite itself was nothing—like a prick of a pin, followed by a slight burning sensation, rather similar to a wasp sting. I dropped the snake with alacrity, and squeezed my thumb as hard as I could, so that the blood oozed out of the wound. And as I squeezed I remembered three things. First, there was no snake-bite serum in the Cameroons; secondly, the nearest doctor was some 30 miles away; thirdly, I had no means of getting to him.

These thoughts did not make me feel any happier, and I sucked vigorously at the bite, still holding the base of my thumb as tightly as I could. Looking about, I

Snake Bite!

There was only one thing to be done, unless I wanted to go on hacking my hand about in the hope of hitting the bite sooner or later. I placed the blade carefully on the ball of my thumb and, gritting my teeth, I pressed and pulled as hard as I could. This was successful, and the blood flowed freely in all directions.

The next thing to do, I remembered, was to use permanganate of potash, so I sprinkled some crystals into the gaping wound, and wrapped my hand in a clean handkerchief. By now my hand, wrist, and the glands in my armpit were considerably swollen, and I was getting shooting pains in my thumb, though whether this was due to the bite or to my surgery, I could not tell.

"Masa go for doctor?" asked Jacob, staring at my hand.

"How I go for doctor?" I asked irritably. "We not get car for dis place. You tink sometimes I go walk?"

"Masa go ask de Fon for 'e kitcar," suggested Jacob.

"Kitcar?" I repeated, hope dawning. "de Fon get kitcar?"

"Yes, sah." "Ho ask him den . . . one time."

Jacob galloped down the steps and across the great courtyard, while I paced up and down on the balcony.

A LARGE crowd of people, headed by Jacob and the Fon, came hurrying across the courtyard. They went over to a big hut, and the Fon (the Ruler of Bafut)

I dropped the snake with alacrity, and squeezed my thumb as hard as I could.

threw open the door and the crowd poured inside, to reappear almost immediately pushing in front of them an ancient and battered kitcar. They trundled this out through the archway and into the road, and there the Fon left them and hurried up the steps followed by Jacob.

"My friend," gasped the Fon, "na bad palaver dis!"

"Na so," I admitted. "Your boy done tell me you no get European medicine for dis kind of bite. Na so?"

"Yes, na so. Sometime doctor done get medicine, I no savvay."

"By God power 'e go give you medicine," said the Fon piously.

We went to the top of the steps to see what progress was being made with the preparation of the ambulance.

The kitcar had reposed inside

the hut for such a great length of time that its innards seemed to have seized up. Under the driver's gentle ministrations the engine coughed vigorously several times, and then ceased. The large crowd round the vehicle clustered closer, all shouting instructions to him, while he leant out of the window and abused them roundly.

THIS went on for some time, and then the driver climbed out and tried to crank her up. This was even less successful, and when he had exhausted himself, he handed the crank to a councillor and went and sat on the running-board for a rest. The councillor hitched up his robes and struggled manfully with the crank, but was unable to rouse the engine to life.

The crowd, which now numbered about 50, all clamoured for a turn, so the councillor handed the job over to them and joined the driver on the running-board. A disgraceful fight broke out among the crowd as to who would have first turn, and everyone was shouting and pushing and snatching the crank from one another. The uproar attracted the attention of the Fon, and he stalked over to the veranda rail, scowling angrily. He leant over and glared down at the road.

"Wah!" he roared suddenly. "Start dat motor!"

By now I was beginning to feel rather ill and not at all brave. My hand and forearm had swollen considerably, and were inflamed and painful. I was also getting shooting pains across my shoulders, and my hand felt as though it was grasping a red-hot coal.

It would take me about an hour to reach the doctor, I thought, and if the kitcar did not start soon, there would be little point in going at all.

The driver, having failed in his efforts to crank, was suddenly struck by a brilliant idea. They would push the car. He explained his idea to the crowd, and it was greeted with exclamations of delight and acclamation.

"Soon 'e go start," smiled the Fon encouragingly. "den you go reach doctor one time."

"You tink 'e go start?" I asked sceptically.

"Yes, yes, ma friend," said the Fon, looking hurt; "na my kitcar dis, na' foine one. 'E go start small time, no go fear."

ON looking over the veranda rail, we saw the kitcar appear round the corner, being propelled by what seemed to be the entire population of Bafut. It crept towards us like a snail, and then, just as it reached the bottom step, the engine gave a couple of preliminary hiccups and roared into life. The crowd screamed with delight and began to caper about in the road.

The Fon and I marched down the 75 steps. At the bottom the Fon clasped me to his bosom and gazed earnestly into my face. It was obvious that he wanted to say something that would encourage and sustain me on my journey. He thought deeply for a moment.

"My friend," he said at last, "if you go die, I get sorry too much."

Not daring to trust my voice, I clasped his hand in what I hoped was a suitably affected manner, climbed into the kitcar and we were off, bouncing and jerking down the road, leaving the Fon

Continued on page 11

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WORLD OF STAMPS

NEW PAGE FOR THE ALBUM

by
C. W. HILL

A NEW name has been added to collectors' albums this week—that of the Cocos Islands, whose first series of stamps was due for issue on Tuesday. The Cocos, or Keeling, Islands are a coral group in the Indian Ocean, roughly half-way between Ceylon and Australia.

Discovered in 1609 by Captain William Keeling, of the East India Company, the islands remained uninhabited until 1827, when a Scottish sea-captain, John Clunies Ross, settled there with some Malayan seamen and began to cultivate coconut palms to produce copra.

This is the trade name for sun-dried kernels of coconuts, providing coconut oil, a valuable fat used in making soap and margarine. Copra is still exported by the Cocos islanders, and one of the new stamps, the 3d. value

Australian airline, chose the Cocos Islands as a calling point on the Australia-South Africa route. The 5d. stamp of the new series shows a Qantas Super



Constellation about to land on a palm-fringed air-strip.

Since 1954 the Cocos Islands have been under Australian pro-



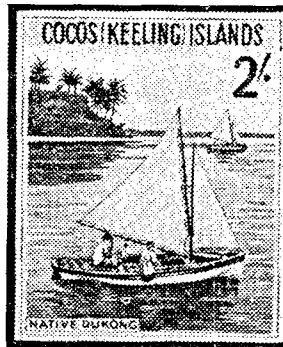
On the 8d. stamp, pictured here, is a map of the Cocos Islands. It shows Home Island, where most of the islanders live, West Island, where the airport has been built, and Direction Island, which has an important cable and wireless station.



pictured here, shows two women splitting open the coconuts.

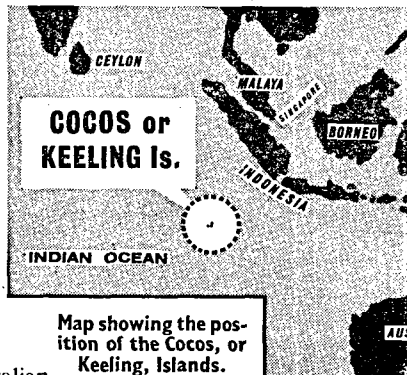
The Cocos Islands were once ruled from Singapore, capital of the former British colony of the Straits Settlements. A post office was opened in 1933 and stamps of the Straits Settlements (now Malaya) were used. They can be distinguished only by the postmark on them, which reads "Cocos Island." Examples are very scarce and specialist collectors prize them highly.

In 1952 the post office was re-opened after being closed for 15 years, and Malayan stamps were again used. At the same time Qantas Empire Airways, the



tection and ordinary Australian stamps have been used. It is the Australian government which has now made this special issue for the colony.

Other designs in the series show views in the islands. Pictured here is the 2s. value, with the small sailing craft used by the islanders. Tall palm-trees form the design of the 1s. stamp, while the 2s. 3d. stamp shows a graceful sea-bird, the white tern.



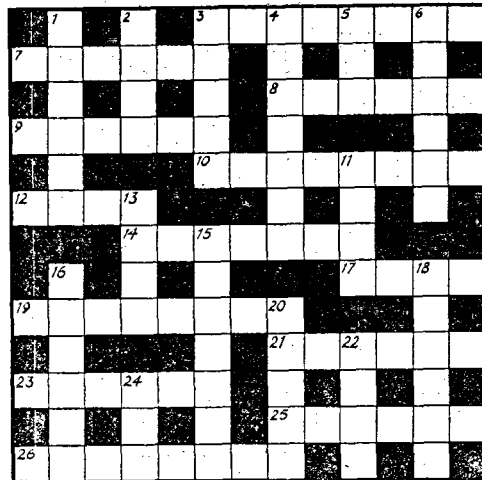
Map showing the position of the Cocos, or Keeling, Islands.

Space Age Exhibition

The new 32-story Hilton Hotel near Hyde Park Corner, London, will be the scene of this year's London Stamp Fair. "The Space Age and Stamps" is to be the theme of the exhibition, which will be held on 13th-14th September.

Crossword puzzle

ACROSS : 3 Worked out. 7 Fit to be eaten. 8 Capital of Spain. 9 Part added to a building. 10 Sample. 12 Largest continent. 14 Civilian army. 17 Mid-day. 19 Belief. 21 Brother or sister's son. 23 Points to be discussed at a meeting. 25 Famous tower in Paris. 26 Trespasser. DOWN : 1 A youth in Greek mythology. 2 Skilful. 3 Festivals. 4 Violent storm. 5 Aged. 6 Banished from one's native country. 11 Another name for Persia. 13 Among. 15 Cord worn by Scout. 16 National badge of Wales. 18 Submitted. 20 Go in. 22 Blow. 24 Neither —.



Answer on page 11

THE DUKE'S CHALLENGE

The Duke of Edinburgh's Award scheme was started seven years ago as a challenge to young people to make the most of their lives through adventurous use of leisure. Since then the number of boys and girls entering the scheme has been growing. Last year it was 42,000 boys and 18,500 girls.

More Awards

Last year, too, more awards than ever were granted, 1,333 gold awards being won by boys and 169 by girls. Silver awards went to 4,920 boys and 832 girls, and bronze awards to 9,248 boys and 3,819 girls.

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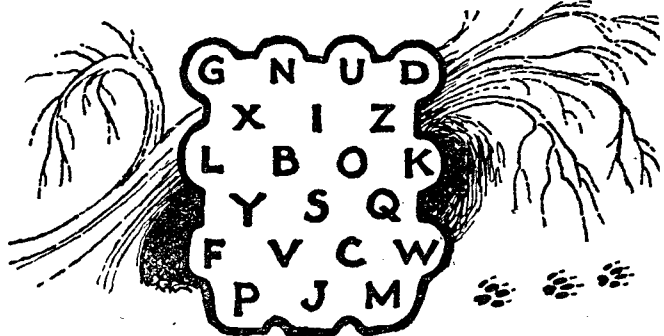
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PICK A PUZZLE

by
Guy Williams

Five for a Planet



ALL but five of the letters in the alphabet are given in the illustration. First, find those five letters. When you have them, re-arrange the letters to spell the name of a well-known planet.

WORD SQUARE

The answers to the four clues will, if written below each other, read the same across as down.

Part of the head.
Frolicsome animal.
Annoys.
Young bird's home.

SWEET BY NUMBERS

Can you, from the clues below, find the name of something tasty? The numbers indicate the position of the letters in the answer.

1356 is not hot.
To 89742 is to instruct.
2369 could be dug in the garden.
A 67812 will keep the gate shut.
There's pain with 7129.
9812 will provide a drawing.

ANIMALS IN COLUMNS

First, find the answers to the following clues. If you do so correctly, the initial and last letters in the answers will, when read downwards, spell the names of two well-known kinds of animal.

Young tree
A greeting
Famous volcano
World's highest mountain
Daughter of a monarch.

Any Ideas?

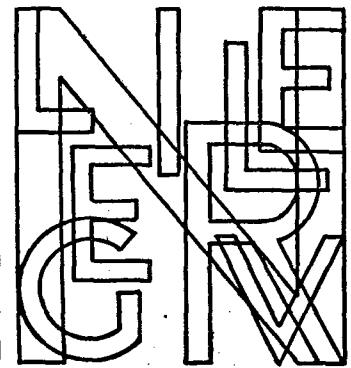
Doughnut, hat, a new type of hovercraft, or ... ?

HIDDEN IN THE VILLAGE

Each of these sentences contains the name of a building that you might find in a village. Can you find all five?

I am a rich urchin.
Can I touch a pelican?
Tom felt uncomfortable in new boots.
Let's have a fresh opinion.
This is where *The Echo* used to be printed.

NAME IN OUTLINE



THE letters in the name of a great 16th-century naval commander are here given in outline. Clue: He was in command of the *Revenge* in the battle off the Azores.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

Crossword (P. 10). ACROSS: 3 Fathomed. 7 Edible. 8 Madrid. 9 Annex. 10 Specimen. 12 Asia. 14 Militia. 17 Noon. 19 Credence. 21 Nephew. 23 Agenda. 25 Eiffel. 26 Intruder. DOWN: 1 Adonis. 2 Able. 3 Fetes. 4 Tempest. 5 Old. 6 Exiled. 11 Iran. 13 Amid. 15 Lanyard. 16 Dragon. 18 Obeyed. 20 Enter. 22 Puff. 24 Nor.

Five for a planet: Earth. Sweet by numbers: Chocolate. Any Ideas? Drop of water on a piece of cloth. Bird in rhyme: Canary. Hidden in the village: Church, chapel, inn, shop, house. Name in outline: Grenville.

Word Square Animals in columns
CHIN S aplin G
HARE H ell O
IRKS E tn A
NEST E veres T
Princess

BIRD IN RHYME

MY FIRST is in Norwich and also My fifth is in temper as well as in in Cromer, rage,
My second's in Plato, though left My sixth is in wary, though out of Homer; missing from sage;
My third is in no-one, nobody, My whole is a bird, so pretty and neat,
My fourth is in ailing, it's left out That sings with high notes which are brilliant and sweet.

The Post Office Round

The Corner

IN Britain today there are 23,000 Sub-Post Offices, and they handle over 60 per cent. of the counter work of the General Post Office.

The convenience of the little Post Office "round the corner" is taken for granted. You probably know your Sub-Postmaster very well. He will serve you with a

threepenny stamp, a packet of gums, and fit a new nib in your school pen.

But what is a Sub-Postmaster? Well, he is officially described as a person who enters into a contract with the Post Office to provide certain services to the public for payment according to a scale. His office is known as a Scale Payment Office, distinguishing it from a Crown Office (a Head or Branch Office).

The widespread use of Sub-Post Offices is one of the reasons why we in Britain have the cheapest postal rates in the world.

Respected and valued member

A Sub-Postmaster has to employ his own clerks, provide premises, counter and other equipment—and even the pens, ink, and blotting paper! He is a respected and valued member of the local community. He knows most of his customers, and old age pensioners and others look to him for advice or help. His Sub-Office is usually a mixture of general information centre, tourist bureau, and advertising agency!

Officialdom seems to dig deeper into our lives, but the friendly, personal service of the Sub-Post Office still remains.



All sorts of things are sold in the Sub-Post Office

SNAKE BITE!

Continued from page 9

and his subjects enveloped in a large cloud of red dust.

Three-quarters of an hour later we drew up outside the doctor's house with an impressive squealing of brakes. The doctor was standing outside gloomily surveying a flower-bed. He looked at me in surprise when I appeared, and then, coming forward to greet me, he peered closely into my face.

"What have you been bitten by?" he inquired.

"How did you know I'd been bitten?" I asked, rather startled by this rapid diagnosis.

"Your pupils are tremendously distended," explained the doctor with professional relish. "What was it?"

"A snake. I don't know what kind, but it hurts; I don't suppose there was really much use in my coming in to you. There's no serum to be had, is there?"

"WELL!" he said, in a pleased tone of voice. "Isn't that a strange thing! Last time I was on leave I got some serum. Thought it might come in useful. It's been sitting in the fridge for the last six months."

"Well, thank heaven for that." "Come into the house, my dear fellow. I shall be most interested to see if it works."

"So shall I," I admitted.

Then the doctor gave me three injections in the thumb, as near to the bite as was possible, and a couple more in my arm. These hurt me considerably more than the original bite had done.

"Made you feel a bit rocky?" inquired the doctor cheerfully, feeling my pulse.

"They've made me feel awful," I said bitterly.

To my surprise, I slept soundly, and when I awoke the next day I felt extremely well, though my arm was still swollen and mildly painful. I had breakfast in bed, and then the doctor came to have a look at me.

"How d'you feel?" he asked.

"Fine. I'm feeling so well that I'm beginning to think the snake must have been harmless."

"No, it was poisonous all right. You said it only got you with one fang, and you probably dropped it so quickly that it didn't have time to inject the full shot of venom. If it had, it might have been another story."

Spurred on by the thought of my precious collection waiting at Bafut, uncleaned and unfed, I goaded the unfortunate driver so that he got us back in record time. As we drew up in the road below the villa, I saw a figure seated on the bottom step. It was my fat girlfriend of the day before.

"Iseeya, Mammy," I said, as I stepped down into the road.

"Iseeya, Masa," she replied, hoisting herself to her feet and waddling towards me.

"Na what you de want?" I asked, for I was impatient to get up to my animals.

"Masa done forget?" she inquired, surprised.

"Forget what, Mammy?"

"EH, Masa!" she said accusingly, "Masa never pay me for dat fine snake I done bring."

This extract is taken from *The Bafut Beagles*, published by Rupert Hart-Davis Ltd.

SPORT

KENT

V.

SUSSEX

249 NOT OUT!

THOSE neighbouring counties, Kent and Sussex, have met each other on the cricket field 249 times. At Tunbridge Wells on Wednesday of next week they will meet for the 250th time.

To be accurate, it will be the 251st meeting, for they were drawn together in the Knock-Out competition last month—at Tunbridge Wells (and Kent lost!).

But so far as county officialdom is concerned, that match was really a "gate-crasher" in the long battle between Kent and Sussex, and there are plans to "put up the 250" at next Wednesday's match.

After that—go for the 300!

What a match for the usual captains to miss! Colin Cowdrey (Kent) and Ted Dexter (Sussex) will be playing in the Second Test against the West Indies.

EDGBASTON WELCOMES THE LADIES!

Women Cricketers of Australia and England Face the First Test

LAST week the First Test—England v. West Indies; this week, the First Test—England v. Australia. It may seem confusing, but the latter is a match between women cricketers.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN CRICKETERS: Back row: Shirley Banfield (Victoria); Margaret Jude (S. Aust.); Lynn Denholm, Miriam Knee, Lorraine Kutcher (all Victoria); Patricia Thomson, Hazel Buck (both N.S.W.); Coralie Towers (W. Aust.); Elizabeth Amos, Norma Wilson (both Vic.); and Helen Lee (N.S.W.). Front row: Joyce Goldsmith (Vic.); Marjorie Marvell, Mary Allitt (captain), Muriel Picton (all N.S.W.); and Janice Wady (Vic.)

The Australians are here until early August, and the three-day game which begins at Edgbaston on Saturday is the first of three Test matches against the women of England.

The visitors are making their third tour of England, and hope to improve on their two previous visits, when the Test series was drawn on both occasions. There have been, in all, five meetings between the two countries, and the last decisive series was in 1948-49, when England's women were beaten in Australia.

Captaining the tourists is Mary Allitt of New South Wales, who was in the previous tour of England, in 1951. A farmer's daughter, Mary has never been coached, but her cricketing progress was rapid enough for her to be chosen for Australia in 1948, and she has been a member of her country's team ever since.

Youngest member of the party of 16 players is Helen Lee, a 20-year-old who also comes from New South Wales.

★ ★ ★
THE WOMEN'S CRICKET ASSOCIATION, a voluntary organisation founded in 1926, has raised by its own efforts in the past three years £4,000 to cover the costs of the Australians' tour.

ALL-ROUND ALFIE



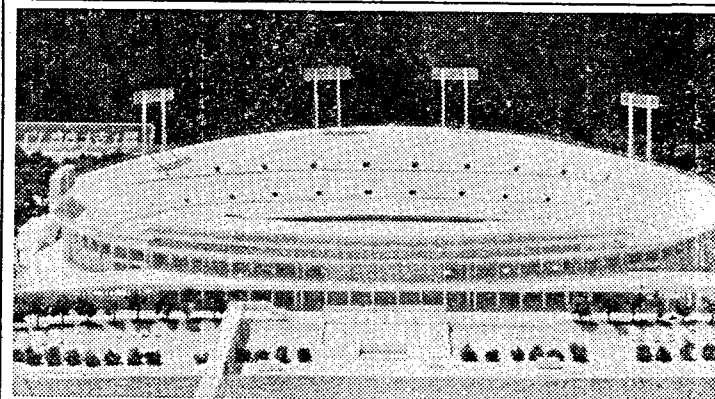
The Federation Cup. The inscription on it reads: **THE LADIES' INTERNATIONAL TEAM COMPETITION created by The International Federation of Lawn Tennis to commemorate its 50th Anniversary 1913-1963**

Sixteen countries will take part and Australia is the top seed, followed by the United States, Great Britain, and South Africa. Each team will consist of not more than three players, who will play in two singles and a doubles. The members of the cup-winning team will each receive a solid silver paper-knife.

This tournament has no funds and the competing countries have

to pay their own travelling expenses. But, as host nation, Great Britain will pay a daily allowance of £5 for each member of each team.

It is hoped that these matches will attract big crowds, thus helping to meet the bill. And with the London Grass Court Championships—prelude to Wimbledon—going on at the same time, there's certainly plenty to draw tennis lovers.



A FEW ROUNDS OF GOLF

THE English Amateur Championship will be held at Burnham and Berrow in Somerset from 24th-29th June.

TOP British and American golfers are to meet in a six-a-side match in Edinburgh on 18th September. The American team will also compete on the same course in a three-day tournament which begins on the 19th. Among the prizes will be one of £5,000 for holing-in-one on the 15th green.

It is estimated that Britain now has 100,000 women golfers.

Tokyo's Olympic Stadium, 1964 Model

Above is a model of the National Stadium being built in Tokyo for the 1964 Olympic Games. Due for completion this summer, it will seat 85,000 people.



LET'S GO FISHING
I have recently been reminded that I promised to show you how to build a fishing rod. So, as an "opener" to the Coarse Fishing season, which starts on Sunday, here is the first of two articles showing you how it's done.

First of all, you'll need two four-foot garden canes (bamboo) from your local hardware shop for the butt and top joints. (As these canes are usually fairly long, you can forget about a middle joint.)

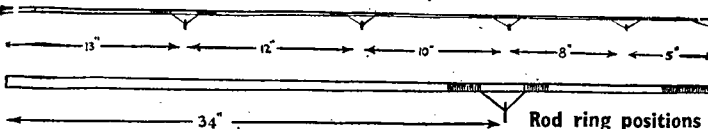
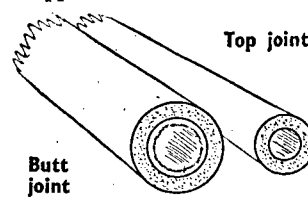
Select the straightest canes you can find, beginning with the butt joint. This should have a diameter of about five-eighths-of-an-inch at its thinner end, where the hollow

butt splitting if the joint is tight. If it is really tight, heat the ends of both canes over a flame until they start to scorch. This process softens the cane and should enable you to achieve a comfortable fit. But ask a friend to help you with this job, since it can be a little tricky.

You may find, on the other

Specially written for C N by Harvey Torbett

hand, that the connection is too loose. If so, soak the ends of both joints for an hour or two in water and then let them dry. They should have swelled just the right amount needed to take up the slack. Once you have established a satisfactory fit, disconnect the two joints and remove the copper wire from the butt



should be about a quarter to three-eighths-of-an-inch wide.

Now you can sort out a suitable top joint—one that can eventually be plugged into the hollow, saving the use of metal ferrules.

Your next job will be to remove about two inches of the soft pith from inside the tip of the butt. After this you can try the two canes for size. Before you do, however, it would be a good idea to bind the top end of the butt joint with a few tight turns of copper wire. This will prevent the

joint, replacing it with whipping.

Since this whipping will have to be bound on tightly, I would advise you to use button thread, which is just that bit stronger than ordinary whipping. You will need to whip about two inches, from the top of the butt joint downwards.

Once you are satisfied with your joint fittings, pop along to your dealers and buy some rod rings and then whip these on as shown in the diagram.

NEXT WEEK: Fixing the cork handle and reel fittings.